

154.

AN EPICÆDIUM

On the Death of Her most Serene Majesty

Henrietta Maria de Bourbon,

QUEEN-MOTHER of ENGLAND,

And Daughter to the late most Puissant King *Henry le Grand*,King of *France* and *Navarre, &c.**Obiit 31 August, MDCLXIX.*

Reader, draw near, and offer thy Divine
 Sighs here, as *Incense* at this Sacred Shrine,
 Which like some choice *Regalio*, keeps in trust
 The *Royal Reliques*, and selected Dust
 Of such a *QUEEN*, as (had Her days been spun
 Out by Her *Deeds*) might have outliv'd the Sun,
 And forc'd the Worlds great *Luminary* t'have
 His *Chaos*, *Clymaeterick*, with Her Grave.
 See! how pale *Europ's* Princes at the news
 Of Her Translation, have transform'd their hues,
 The Fields disrobed of their best array,
 Looking as dull, and discontent as They.
 The days shrunk shorter, in their shades retire,
 And *Autumn* seeming with the *QUEEN* t'expire,
 Bids Night, and Nature, hang the Universe
 With Black, as one *Grand Hatchment* o'er Her *Hearse*,
 Since less then *Publick Obsequies* would be
 Piacular for such a *QUEEN* as She:
 A *Queen* to *Kings*, and *Emperors* ally'd:
 Great *HENRIES* Daughter, and Blest *CHARLES* his Bride;
 Whose *Blood* with *Bourbons* have, whole *Realms* ingross,
 And redeem'd more, then half the World hath lost.
 Yet did the Pungent *Thistle* interpose
 'Twixt Her *French Lillies*, and our *English Rose*,
 Hail! *Queen* of *Cares*, and *Crosses*! to't and hurl'd
 Through all the Changes of a giddy World,
 Where Thy fixt Minde maintain'd so calm a State,
 As crown'd Thee conqueror of Thy Self and Fate,
 Claiming the *Garland*, by Thy matchless Life
 Of a Dear *Mother*, and Indulgent *Wife*.
 And having gain'd it, meekly do't lay down
 A transient *Diadem*, for a fixed *Crown*.

With Allowance.



(1669).